

Won his spurs on the floor of the Common Room, and helped Alberta hold the prized McGoun Trophy at Saskatchewan.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta
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THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY

The League of Nations Society have launched an educational program in Canada for world peace. They have arranged to have eminent Canadians deliver talks over a national radio network with the purpose of increasing and leading discussion on the topic, "Canada and World Peace." This society recommends that study groups be organized among all classes to discuss this most vital of topics, and they have outlined a course of study for eleven such meetings. The Prime Minister of Canada, the Leader of the Opposition, and the Leader of the C.C.F. party have united in sponsoring and urging this program on the people. "Without commenting on the details of this project, we commend it to the Canadian people, and urge them to inform themselves of the issues which confront the world at the present time."

Ever since the Great War we have been submerged with novels, plays, pamphlets and movies, all depicting the horrors of war. The public are gradually becoming immune to these propagandistic efforts, but as yet no concerted nation-wide movement has been set afoot to really convince the people by reason that war is unprofitable. In the University conscientious objectors are rife. How many of these young men would refuse to fight if Canada declared war tomorrow? Recently the members of the Boys' Parliament in British Columbia took an oath that they would never fight in a war; analogous to the oath we all have taken early in life, "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." Such oaths are "full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

However, this is not the real question. Our great aim should be to prevent the outbreak of another great war. "But peace cannot be maintained without knowledge and conscious effort on the part of democratic people. For this reason we believe all Canadians should study the position of our country in the world and the contribution Canada may make towards strengthening the agencies designed to insure world peace and economic stability." This is the problem the League of Nations Society is attacking.

Canadians have for one hundred years spoken with pride of their "three thousand miles of undefended frontier," which is mere piffle and poppycock. Canada could not fortify her three thousand miles of southern border if her people were as militant as the early Christians, and she had all the precious minerals that our chauvinistic politicians would have us believe. Canada can, however, perform a great function in world peace. We are the interpreter between England and the United States, and not only can we interpret but we can influence these two world powers. As the premier dominion, Canada holds an important place in the council of the British Empire, and more than once has she been responsible for changing English policy. We were responsible for the non-renewal of the Anglo-Jap pact with the resultant more cordial relations between the United States and Great Britain. The United States has often disregarded us and treated us in niggardly fashion, but can anyone say that we haven't any influence on this country, either for good or bad? Nor should we forget our election to the League of Nations Council, where we represented the smaller nations. The influence a nation can wield is not weighed only by her population.

So far Canada has never made any whole-hearted conscious effort to use her influence for world peace, nor have we ever made even the gesture. We have our impotent navy, our effete regulars, and last, but not least, our C.O.T.C. The League of Nations



Informative Pi Phi—Do you know Don McLaws? They say he dresses nattily.
Inquisitive D.G. (eagerly)—Nattily who?

Betty Cutler—Doris has a new wrist watch. I can never get my boy friends to buy me things like that.
Fern Atkinson—Don't be so despondent. You never know what you can do till you cry.

Mark McClung—On my first tour of Alberta I sang songs that I had composed myself.
Harry McGowan—Was the audience complimentary?

Mark—I don't remember about that, but I know his ticket was.

Marion—All you have to do, darling, is to hold my hand and I'm perfectly contented.
George—I wish you weren't so darn easy to please!

Jones—How's your mother-in-law these days?
Brown—Oh, fair to meddling.

Harold Moreau claims that an optimist is a man who doesn't care what happens so long as it happens to someone else.

Muriel Massie (to rather large girl at the Wau-neita Masquerade)—What are you supposed to represent?
Rather Large Girl at Wau-neita Masquerade—I'm a page.

Muriel Massie—My gosh! you look more like a volume.

Interne—I wouldn't go in. There are two cases of malaria in there.
Bill Procter—That's all right. I can drink anything.

David W. M. Ross—Gee, I'm thirsty.
Waitress—Just a minute. I'll get you some water.
Dave—I said thirsty, not dirty.
(That finishes our drinking jokes for this week.)

Busy Father—First, realize my time's limited; secondly, say what you want; thirdly, be short.
Hard-up Son—First, I do; secondly, I will; thirdly, I am.

Customer (to hotel manager)—I have a very serious complaint.
Manager—I am sorry, sir, but this is a restaurant, not a nursing home.

Women

Now women since the time of Eve,
Have had one object to achieve,
They make their deepest, subtlest plan
To captivate unwilling man,
Browbeat him into quick submission
And keep him in the same condition.
Their technique to attain this aim
Has not been always quite the same.
Long years ago the human form
Did not arouse an angry storm
Of protest—nor was it thought crude
To display beauty in the nude.
Then maidens showed their natural charm,
And sought out love with unclad arms,
Nor failed to show their deepest passion
In the most straightforward fashion.
This was the time before 'twas law,
To wear so much, but nothing more,
To satisfy the whims of those
Who confuse chastity and clothes.
So women can with cunning dress
Accentuate their nakedness,
And give a hint of what might be
By veiling what the eye can see,
And make the male mind respond
To possibilities beyond.

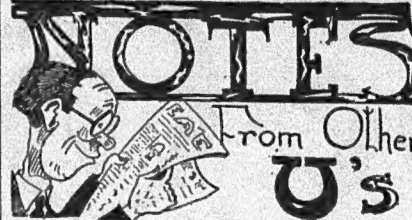
Society has applied itself to the task of really making Canada a force for world security, and if the movement is to be successful it must have the whole-hearted support of the universities. We strongly advocate the forming of study groups in the University to carry out the program of study as outlined by this society.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—This writer has composed a piece of music for the Varsity Song Contest and is madder than a wet hen about it. He is madder than a wet hen because he is not only burdened with the task of music arrangement, but with the responsibility of the words too! Now, this musical composition of his may be quite rotten—but on the other hand it may be the best tune of the lot. Who knows? Regardless of its quality, however, it will not receive the slightest consideration (according to the rules) from the judges unless it be accompanied by a verse. But suppose he cannot write verse—suppose he doesn't know anyone who can write verse—then what?

It seems to him that every member of the Students' Union should have the opportunity of sharing this contest. "They do," you say? Then let us see:

One student may be a good composer, and another good at writing verse—now, how in the name of the Almighty are these two people going to co-operate if they don't know of each other? There are probably six or seven people out of the entire student body who have music (with and without words) ready for the contest. Is it fair that out of the remaining umpteen hundreds of students, only those who happen to



I'll Pay the Rent!

It will be a surprise to most students to know that if they paid for the value of their university education, it would cost just \$65,000, according to William Atherton Du Puy, the eminent statistician, who has recently made an extensive investigation along these lines. Here are the results as stated in the McGill Daily:

While the high school graduate may expect to earn only \$110,000 during his life span, the college graduate will earn \$175,000 according to the report of Mr. Du Puy, executive assistant at the department of interior, who has just completed a statistical study of the power of education.

At 18 the high school graduate earns \$800 in contrast to the boy with only grade school training. He will net an annual income of \$1,500 at 22 which represents the maximum of the average income of a man with grammar school education. The college graduate begins to earn at the age of 22, reports Mr. Du Puy, without taking into account the abnormal conditions due to the depression. He starts off at about \$1,400, which is less than the high school graduate makes at the same age, because the latter has been working for years. The college graduate's income rises rapidly by the time he reaches 26 years of age, but that of the high school graduate mounts more slowly. When the two are between the ages of 43 and 48, the college man's income usually comes to a point of rapid increase and the high school trained man's income is stationary and his momentum is slackened. When the college man reaches 60 he is earning \$4,000 a year, and at 70 his income drops to \$500.

Task! Task!

A Harvard geologist in advocating the formation of a world police force, said, "Men will only put their arms aside when there is a sufficient police force." Quoting from the DePauw Daily: "Or when her father is in the room."

Shoulder Slant Betrays Feelings

New York, N.Y.—If you are an inveterate poker player, be careful of the movement of your torso and the posture of your feet, is the advice of Dr. William H. Blake, instructor in educational dramatics in Teachers College. The slant of your shoulders may betray an otherwise perfect "bluff," according to a survey conducted by Dr. Blake.

Egotism and anger are revealed by bodily posture quicker than any other feeling, the educator found, but if you want to judge someone's feebleness or tenderness, the best method is to observe the face. The matter of involuntary gestures, too, and not halitosis or "B.O.," is frequently the clue to unpopularity, according to the result of Dr. Blake's investigation.

"Individuals who feel that they make an unsatisfactory social impression may find a cue for adverse reactions towards them in the bodily expression which colleagues unwittingly interpret and to which certain emotional states are assigned," he said.

"Ease in ability to recognize a particular expression in a person is dependent upon the number of bodily agents involved," Dr. Blake continued. "Hence one tends to interpret with the greatest degree of certainty from the whole body, including the face; next in value from the standpoint of interpretation is the whole body without the face; third, from the torso including the arms; fourth from the base including the feet, knees and hips; and last, from the head-shoulders, excluding the face."

The expression of the feet and legs, as well as the torso, Dr. Blake reports, is particularly important to actors. Amateur Theatians, he holds, often give themselves away by holding their bodies at ease while attempting to betray horror or anger. Dr. Blake used photographs of different parts of the body to portray emotions in his survey.—McGill Daily.

Ken Smith tells us that the cold shoulder is one of the best methods of showing certain feelings.

know that handful should have the opportunity of participating in this contest? Indeed, it is not. If the prize money doesn't come out of the fees of the general student body, I fail to see where else it could come from—and yet the contests are actually limited to a handful of people! (I say contests in the plural because it is actually two contests in one: the music and the words.)

This writer is going to partially solve the situation by inviting anyone who feels inspired to write verse to come and hear the first pie he has ever baked. Anyone who can and is willing to try is urgently requested to do so. In the event of such a combination being successful, this person will gladly divide his pie with the writer of the verse accepted.

For further information, kindly enquire of Mr. Perkins, Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway.

J. A. C.

"ON THE SPOT"

Bawdy jokes, bad arguments and boring word pictures of our Dominion as a drab land of sorrow, soup kitchens and squalor won for Alberta the debate recently held in Convocation hall. What lost the debate for Manitoba is difficult to say, unless perhaps it was the judges. The visitors' arguments were not bad—they were non-existent. We use the plural advisedly, as we believe they did have one argument.

But we fell asleep while it was being given.

Parker Kent deserves praise for his rebuttal. It was genuinely witty. He sort of crept up on us with that one.

House Eebers want to know whether to abolish the age-old booking custom. They are perhaps a little hasty in presuming that they could abolish it. Until actually confronted with the possibility of its abolition, we had always thought it would be a good idea so to do.

We still think it's a good idea.

One of the joys of this column, if you can call a few inches a column, is that it is written in collaboration. For the uninitiated, "collaboration" is neither the jitters nor a frozen garment, but a system by which two people get together and produce what would really be much better done by one of them acting alone. (My partner has just asked me to insert the word "either" in front of "one", but I still insist that it could be done better by one of them acting alone.)

Anyway, the collaborators have their fun, and the readers never know which one to blame.

THE LAST PINE

"Alone, upon the margin of the plain,
The last of all its fellows, is one pine,
It stands upon a landscape bare and white,
The only living thing on life's last line."

It's comrades all have fallen, so alone,
Unshielded from the bitter winds and cold,
Without a cringe, in fearless strength it meets
Each stormy bluster—brave, undying, bold.

A sentinel alone, with branches firm
In sharp relief against the wintry sky,
It guards, without a droop of loneliness
The land around where all its fellows lie.

—M. W. M.

We're thanking The Sheaf for this one:

"D'ye know vy I'm noivous,"
said Hoiman,
"And vy I keep jumpin' and sqoimin'?"
I'd stop if I could
But vot is da good?
Because it ain't me, it's the voimin'!"
Isn't that lousy?

And the week's worst joke:
"Will you be a stag at our next sorority dance?"
"Oh, certainly, I just love masquerades."
Bye, bye.

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HIT No. 2: GARY COOPER in

"One Sunday Afternoon"



A HODNUT TO CRACK

January 22, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In these days of shameless plagiarism by those who are of the Art "Arty," I am probably being childish or old-fashioned when I give vent to the cry of a betrayed soul after reading your issue of last Friday. Please bear with one who would lay complaint.

"Co-Ed Columns"—a feature of which I am usually one of the staunchest upholders—carried an insertion with the title "Pome." That is not remarkable, you say—but hold: my point is that your contributor plagiarized in whole a verse form of which I am the originator, and in part one or more poems written by me as illustrations of the effectiveness of the new form. As proof of my contention it is only necessary to refer you to past Gateway editors and to several yards of the Asterisk Blank Verse which appeared in past issues of this journal. These will

plead my case eloquently enough to bring tears to even the hardest of the Perkinsian eyes.

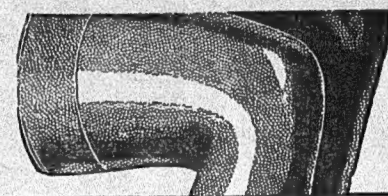
I will esteem it a favor, Sir, to hear that as a result of this communication you have instructed your feature writers to give credit where credit is due, in future.

Possibly I should have addressed my plaintive call to the Woman's Editor, but I could not believe the lady in question would knowingly act in collusion with the contributor, who might very well not be a lady. I think someone "slipped it over" when Miss Polley was absent from the editorial desk; this makes the plagiarism a greater crime, to be punished by the central authority—yourself. Please give this matter early attention.

Also tell your proof-readers to toe the mark more closely: last week they allowed "Lucky Strikes" to get by the printery with small (lower case) initial letters instead of capitals. "Creeps" came out as "croops," which didn't seem to add much to the already insignificant sense of one of my Pot Pourri observations. Other articles suffered similarly.

Thanking you, and offering congratulations on the general tone of your two-issues-per-week, I assure you I am,

Yours truly,
PERCIVAL HODNUT.



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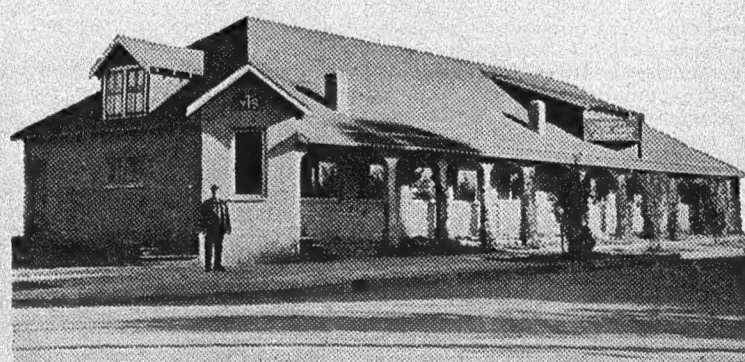
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MARIONETTE THEATRE TO OPEN NEXT WEEK

Saturday, Feb. 3, will see the opening of the Theatre of the Marionettes, where Theodore Cohen will present his Magic Midgets. Seven shows in all will be produced the first day. The first five are being sponsored for children by various Edmonton firms. In the evening two shows will be put on for adults, at 7:30 and 9:00. During the week there will be two shows a night, at 8:30 and 10:00.

The first week's program consists of vaudeville acts, a high-powered melodrama, and the first chapter of A. A. Milne's Winnie-the-Pooh, a feature to be run serially for twelve weeks. The dolls in this show are facsimiles of E. H. Sheppard's clever illustrations in the book. These, as well as other dolls, have been made in the local workshop. Perhaps the most delightful part of this first program is a dance done by "Zambo" and "Ongo," two chocolate-colored damsels, whose attractions are irresistible. The charms of Mae West are pale in comparison.

This is a Marionette show, not a puppet show. Puppets are small figures manipulated on the hands, whereas Marionettes are jointed dolls operated by strings. These dolls are perfect reproductions of the human anatomy, and assume every pose of which a human is capable. They vary in size from 6 to 32 inches, and take from 9 to 15 strings to operate. The theatre itself is decorated in modernistic fashion in black silver and gold, and the stage and accoutrements have been specially designed to carry out the general decoration scheme. The lighting of the little Marionette stage is a beautiful reproduction of that used on the most modern stages.

This new theatre presents something absolutely novel in entertainment for the Edmonton citizenry. Marionettes are not new, however, being the oldest form of dramatic art. They are supposed to have originated in Java in the obscure beginnings of civilization. The production of "Ten Nights in a Barroom" is promised for the near future.

WARNING!

Epitaphs accepted not later than Saturday noon, Jan. 27. If you don't write them, we will, and then you'll wish you had!

Boy! Are They Thirsty!

Approximately thirty-five tons of coal is consumed every day at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and eighty gallons of water per man is used daily. The Institute has one thousand employees for twenty-six hundred students.

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NEW WORLD FABLES I.

There lived in the country of Telarab an unusual race of people; for whereas the land was spacious, the soil fertile, the hills and mountains full of rare metals, yet were the people themselves small of stature and most unfortunately intellectual dwarfs.

History records that the first inhabitants of this land were settlers from across the ocean, and that these originals were individuals of normal physique and average intelligence. So enormous, however, were the difficulties they had to overcome, so vast was the area of their domain, that gradually they became convinced of their own inability to establish aught that would last as a memorial to their industry. Indeed these convictions became so strong and so ingrained that there was gradually evolved a race which was born with a birthmark of inferiority, and weaned on the skim milk of humility. Such an unfortunate diet was of the gravest consequence, and resulted in diminishing their physical proportions and reducing their mental capacity, till the present little people materialized.

Now at the time which I am writing of, there lived across the sea a philosopher named Semaj, a man well versed in all forms of magic lore and greatly interested in humanities; who, when he heard of the people and customs of Telarab straightway decided to investigate them at first hand, and thereby determine the extent of their peculiarities. It is of Semaj's travels and sojourn in that strange land that I wish to tell.

After many weeks at sea, the philosopher and his servant at last sighted land, which the ship's master told them was assuredly the one they sought since he had from time to time brought other passengers on similar

missions. Accordingly, the next morning the two stowed their gear into one of the ship's small boats and were rapidly rowed to shore. On land a vast crowd had gathered and were gesticulating wildly, as if in welcome, while the sound of their voices well-nigh drowned the roaring of the surf. As the boat touched ground, Semaj's servant jumped out to assist his master to land, but ere he could turn round many of the waiting crowd had seized him by his hands and arms, while yet more thumped him on his back, and all added their vocal powers to indicate their pleasure at meeting so distinguished a personage (for the news of Semaj's intended visit had preceded him). Now Semaj at once perceived their mistake, for whereas he was not gifted with fine physical proportions and favored drab attire, his servant was of magnificent stature and richly costumed; accordingly, he jumped from the boat, and pushing his way through the throng whispered to his servant to continue the role which had been so boisterously thrust upon him. Then would Shib, his servant, have declared the deception, but he feared his master's tongue. So bearing their baggage, Semaj followed at a respectful distance, as a small group led Shib towards the city, which was situated some little distance away; nor did any offer to help him with his burden, a fact which surprised him, since this was a country where all were supposedly equal, and he had imagined that the strong would aid the weak.

The entrance to the city was remarkable, in that buildings of all sorts were mingled together. For while here there would be a masterpiece of architecture, next to it there would be a hovel of very mean proportion, no better than a stall for animals. Then Semaj noticed that the group with Shib had stopped in front of a large and finely built house, which he concluded would be their hostel, as indeed it was. Carrying the baggage upstairs, Semaj reflected on the whimsicalities of life, and in the privacy of Shib's character talked much of what he had seen, and prophesied much of interest to come during their stay.

Shib said nothing, for he feared his master's tongue. (To be continued)

POT POURRI

In Which Perambulating Percival Prods the Priests of Prurient Pettifoggery, and Puns at the Expense of These and Plagiarists.

By Percival Hodnut

Several noggins of rum and ginger ale, not to mention a healthy tot of beet wine, play a sort of New Whirled Symphony in our system at the moment, warming and toning up the old works. We, ordinarily so well-behaved, so temperate, are moved to admit that the stuff seems to be doing us any amount of good. Anything that accomplishes so much deserves repetition. Ummn, yes . . . Unfortunately we are no longer near the source of supply.

When One Kisses Venus, Elixir Lips
As a substitute for the Elixirs, we write our weekly stunt. Our readers will be pleased to learn that we have not been tempted to offer Pot Pourri for publication twice weekly: two efforts in each week would place a great and quite unnecessary strain on reader and editor alike. We have personally thanked our public of consideration, thereby relieving our public of the trouble.

Just a Matter of Chorus

"There is, as far as we can remember, no shot from above showing several hundred girls on a stage the size of a football field, assembled into a five-pointed star or trying to spell something with their lips. The reliable novelty in which the girls go swimming in a glass-bottomed pool is omitted also."

The above may well be accepted as a marked contribution to The Higher Criticism where talkie stage plays are concerned. While admitting that beauty is ever pleasing to them, and admitting that we are one of these latter, we must confess that feminine beauty in the configurations mentioned as absent from "Flying Down to Rio" (see Liberty magazine, January 27 issue) has become something of a bore. Many missed the entertaining "Footlight Parade" because they sus-

pected it to be what more vulgar men than a Hodnut would term a Leg Show, with opening flowers, closing flowers, flowers just resting, and all the variations of these, if any. In spite of Ruby Keeler, this managed to be a picture worth seeing. The chorus girl ads had many of us fooled at first, however.

Nude So Bad, Nude So Good

Speaking of these chorus-girl displays from another angle (or curve, if you will): we wish the producers would get right down to business and dispense with the queer blobs and dabs of this and that with which the girls, or parts of them, have been decorated in recent pictures. ("Roman Scandals" got around part of the problem by the use of those long, white wigs, you'll remember.) The naked truth could hardly shock our more prudish-minded citizens than the revelations made under the present Hollywood concessions to "propriety."

We, speaking personally and not too delicately, are inclined to the idea that the fully-nude would be much less suggestive, much cleaner (familiarity, we hope, breeding a species of contempt)—if our entertainment is still required to be merely good, clean fun—than the present movie mode. (Figure this out for yourself.) No: we haven't read Bertrand Russell. Not yet.

Eddie Didn't Have a Pun Ticket

A year or two ago we made a pun. We thought, not a very good one; but apparently it was sent trundling down to New York by the grapevine route. Or maybe it wasn't the grapevine. Repeat had yet to come up for sale. However, two weeks after our initiation of the pun into what we hope was polite society, Eddie Cantor broadcast it on one of his Sunday programs. As is so often the case, we received no credit for the genius that works within us.

Some months later, we engaged in philosophic discussion with a lady whose knowledge of Life and Things in General considerably exceeds our own. We had the temerity to suggest that modern scientific "discoveries" lacked in great measure the inspiration which seemed part of the works of Faraday and his pals, who had little to go on, but got there. It was our view that many things commonly hailed as scientific inventions and discoveries were really but the natural, common-sense outcome of old principles.

An Inventory of Progress

As a glaring example in support of our argument, we cited the case of television. Most scientists of the day are agreed that television will not be a commercial success until some necessary new principle has been evolved, or some very brilliant application (yet unknown) of an old one has been found; its progress has been retarded because research workers have apparently been satisfied to play with old electrical and optical principles—so far—instead of striking out on their own.

Here On Our Chest

Now Herr Einstein comes out with a statement containing exactly the notion we stated in our first paragraph on this scientific thought subject. As usual, we have been given no credit for ante-dating him.

Is there not a law protecting men of ideas, World Leaders, from plagiarism by the mob? Must the Winchell-eyed monster be allowed unhampered keyhole-boreing, unlimited Nosey-Parkerism, parasitic nourishment, at the expense of the real Giants of our sphere?

A thorough investigation of this scourge is a paramount need.

CO-ED COLUMNS

ONCE UPON A TIME—

There are two kinds of people—those who did not believe in fairies when they were children and those who did. We rule out the first class instantly as having no souls, or at best a hard little lump of practical, business-headed soul. The others all have souls. Like the friends a man keeps—so the fairies he believes in—you can pretty well gauge his individual traits by both.

If you still cherish an incurable hankering for little gauge sprites with butterfly wings and tiny stary wands, you are a hopeless but lovable romantic. Not even molasses and sulphur in the spring can cure you. Not even a vicereignty or a golden wedding can quite wipe it out, because you have an ethereal soul.

But maybe you are the sort of mean-spirited person who always felt that the wicked ogre should have eaten Jack-in-the-Beanstalk for breakfast, and that Bluebeard should have murdered ten more wives before he got killed. If so, you haven't much fairyland in you—just barely enough to get by with.

Then there's the satyr-soul. Do you unconsciously look for the little hoof-mark on the river's moist edge? Do you get that fleeting impression of a devilish Panlike grin peeping at you from the birch copse when you're in the woods alone? That means a streak of malice somewhere, and you love doing clever, interesting things that are just a little cussed.

But maybe it's Aladdin's genie rising as a smoke-wraith out of a bottle that fires your imagination. This signifies the true mystic, who half-believes in ghosts and loves reading Camels' ads about the Oriental basket trick.

Then there's the group of nymphs and sprites—water, wood and mountain sprites. They're pretty nice, though if you approach them too rapidly their gleaming white bodies congeal into ghostly birch trunks. If these are your weaknesses, you have a kind, graceful soul with aesthetic leanings.

Then there's the good old British fairy—Puck of Pook's hill. All the fat little pucks and goblins who slide down moonbeams and make the milk turn sour. Most people have this kind of a soul. If they are observation they are apt to crawl into a shell and be rather nasty, but, like Robin Goodfellow when the farmer has gone to bed, they do a great many kind things on the quiet.

Take stock of yourself. Maybe it isn't your "static harmony" or your liver that is out of order. You probably have been believing in the wrong kind of fairy all your life.

THE CALICO CAT

Some rather nasty comments on the heading of our column get us down—so we have changed it into something more suitable. It is sincerely to be hoped that no Gingham Dog will make its appearance on these pages for, as in the poem, a tragic end would be inevitable.

A very irate overtown person accosted us the other day, and told us in no uncertain terms what they thought of Varsity students. It appears that at teas, dances and sundry social affairs we (engineers excepted) discuss nothing but exams, professors, Gateway, or campus personalities and are stricken dumb if a non-Varsity person does not listen with lively interest. Occasionally it should occur to us that we ought to display our liberal education. After all, we suppose that students are not the only people who can discuss modern philosophy or D. H. Lawrence novels. It is very edifying, really, to realize the number of "the uneducated" who seem to know something about them. So let us disport ourselves at the next party with a little less ego.

We were somewhat surprised at the indecision concerning the disbursement of the fifty thousand dollar grant. If we had only been able to get our hands on it! Forty thousand would have gone to Dr. Allan's department for equipment. Nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine would have pensioned The Union of Gateway Poets. Then we would settle down and decide at leisure how to spend the remainder. It could buy a book or a three or a brick or something—though, of course, we would not do anything irrational, would we?

Someone has deplored Noel Coward's lack of depth in his plays. It has always astounded us that people are not content to be simply amused by extremely clever lines and absurd situations, but must tear them apart in search of some great truth. What difference does it make in the long run—it is only words, anyway. "Design for Living" is certainly amusing and fast; in spots it is reminiscent of vaudeville patter—but we do not believe it was written for any great constructive reason other than the usual material one. Every time we see a star or a white horse we wish we could get Mr. Coward to write for The Gateway. Ted Bishop might be able to use him on the Casserole. F. M. J.

CO-ED SPORT

By J. F.

Bruised and abused by all and sundry during the first part of their hockey campaign, the co-ed puck-chasers rose up out of the depths to give the league-leading Monarchs a near-beating. Following the previous game, the co-eds got together and elected our popular Mary Hewitt as captain. Maybe that's what helped to scare away the jinx. Anyway the score was 2-1 in favor of the Monarchs, and for the handful of spectators who braved the wintry weather to turn out, it was a real hockey game.

Unleashing a deluge of rubber pucks, our goalie shed these as the proverbial duck sheds water. However, in the first period the Monarchs succeeded in getting a goal from centre ice.

Later, Sadie Gibson, on a neat pass from Barbara Burns, sent a blazing shot into the net that had the goalie beaten all the way. Both these girls are Freshettes, and very promising first string forwards of the future.

Thereafter the Monarchs carried the play down the ice, tried several passes and a few shots to score again. Varsity co-eds passed up several good chances to score in their over-anxiety to play a sound defensive game.

In the playoffs to decide Edmonton Badminton Club championship, Fern Atkinson emerged with her respective partners, Peggy Aitken and F. Mitchell, as ladies' and mixed doubles champions.

Shis is to represent the University of Alberta with Ann Evans in the city tournament, to be held Feb. 7-10. We wish them the best of success.

Peggy Aitken, a former student here, captured the ladies' singles event.

In House League basketball, Tuesday's game proved the toughest battle yet for the Arrows. Following a 4-2 lead in the first period, the Pembinites pulled up their end of the score for a 6-6 tie. For the Arrows, Hazel Wilkinson took the lead in scoring on a lone rush for a basket, and finally netted a shot on a free throw.

By the end of the third "ten," Gert Ellert and Irene James, displaying a wonderful combination, and drawing the centre of play up to the Arrow basket, brought the score to 9-8 in their favor. Mae McDonald and Jean Crawford, as forward and defense, put in good games.

This would have been the end of the game, but it was proposed to play another period. Throwing the ball from the free throw line, Marg Smith started the Arrow score mounting. The final score was 14-10 for the Arrows.

WHEN IN ROME—

Individuality! Is there such a word, and if so has it any meaning? Someone in New York wears a cellophane hat—everyone wears a cellophane hat. Mae West said, "Come up and see me some time!" Now it is a stock phrase. Henry VIII manoeuvred a divorce, and since then husbands have been about as stable as a 1933 pound note. Bohemians sit on cushions; villains say "Ah ha!"; army men wear large boots; maiden ladies keep canaries; modern authors write on sex; mothers of six join clubs; straight hair is demodé and so are appendices and wisdom teeth. Individuality—like gin—has become synthetic. No one has a chance to be different—and the world has become flooded with sameness.

The explanation may be that all ideas and manners and every sort of knowledge lies dormant in every man—and wakens only to the call of its kind. It would be rather singular, though, if cellophane hats had been lurking in the subconscious of mankind for centuries and had just reached fruition, so to speak. Nor ought the explanation be attributed to the gregariousness of the human race. It has always borne the burnt of many things.

It used to be that any individual was thought queer if their ideas and morals did not coincide with those of society. But now everyone is queer, so that claim to individuality is gone. Slaves to convention? Perhaps. But then that is more or less necessary to the welfare of mankind. Exponents of ideals? Rot! An ideal is no longer an ideal when it is realized. No, it is a handicap that we have been faced with since the Garden of Eden. Eve ate an apple, so Adam ate one too. Just the plain, exasperating cussedness of man—again without individuality!

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SPORTS



LETHBRIDGE BASKETBALL TEAM HERE NEXT WEEK

Edmonton Grads Are Held To 75-19 Score By Co-eds

Famous Overtown Team's Score Held Down By Campus Squad—Third Period Score 10-9 For Grads

The Varsity Girls' Basketball team played perhaps their fastest game of the season at an exhibition game Thursday evening, when they lost to the Grads 75-19. The World's Champions set the terrific pace, and with dogged determination the Varsity ladies made up their minds to follow it. Little Amy Cogswell was the star of the Varsity team, passing, pivoting, dribbling and flashing through the strong red line to chalk up 10 points. The Grads' machine-like combination centred around their tall centre, Gladys Fry, and again and again they forged through to the basket. Neale was heavy scorer with 21 points.

First Quarter

Percy Page's first line took the floor. Neale opened the scoring for the Grads, followed by a pretty running shot by MacBurney. Coach Parney's quintet were nervous, and their first shots were wild. MacBurney converted one free shot and missed the other. Stone sailed in for a pretty underhand shot. Cogswell chalked up the first counter for Varsity, bringing a shout from the gallery. The green and gold guards, Ford and Barnett, now settled down to some nice checking. After several attempts on the part of the Grads, Neale found the iron ring twice in succession. L. Barnett missed a gift shot. Cogswell again counted for Varsity. MacBurney came back with a free throw, followed by scoring of Neale and Fry.

Second Quarter

The second quarter opened with the Grads' second string line on the floor. Eighteen more points were

CO-EDS DEFEATED 2-1 BY MONARCHS

Barbara Burns and Sadie Gibson Combine For Varsity Score

On Tuesday night the Co-eds tackled the Monarchs again in a hard-fought battle which resulted in a 2-1 score favoring the overtown team. At 7:30 the confident Monarchs and the determined Varsity players took their places on the ice. During the greater part of the first period the strong forward line of the opposing team kept the puck down at Varsity's end, persisting in attempts to make a goal. Marj Haney, co-ed goalie, managed to withstand their efforts until the Monarch's fast little right forward made a clean long shot into the corner of the net, scoring the first goal for her team.

The second period saw Norma Christie, Varsity's last year's goalie, again defending the net. Both teams worked hard, and the puck moved towards one goal and then the other with amazing speed. The Monarch's sturdy left winger netted the second goal against Varsity, and the play was begun again with new vigor. After a series of rushes on the opposite goal, ably checked by the Monarch defensive line, Barbara Burns

added to the Grads' rapidly increasing score and six to Varsity's. E. Stone and E. Barnett each tossed in beautiful long shots from the centre. Gwen Nixon scored with a smooth overhand shot. Both teams were checked on the ten-second rule for holding the ball on the back line. Score at half-time stood 36-10.

Third Quarter

This was the Varsity ladies' best period. They seemed to be learning from the tactics of the champions. Lightning-quick passing followed by a swift basket now helped the green and gold team to score. Betty Black took a free shot. Fry's overhead passing and shooting made her outstanding among the Grads. Irene Barnett scored from the centre line, and Cogswell added another 2 points. MacBurney responded with a long side shot. Carlyle was doing some fine checking. A complete substitution of the Grad line did not stop Cogswell from once more finding the iron ring. During the third quarter Varsity had held the World's Champions down to a 1 point lead, 10-9.

Fourth Quarter

In the last quarter the Grads opened up. With six minutes to go Coach Page once more installed his peerless first line. After a few minutes of off-shooting the red team broke loose with a glorious bombardment of the basket that left the audience and players gasping. The frantic green and gold guards checked and double-checked in vain. Again and again the ball found the hoop, piling up a score of 20 or more in less than five minutes. With thirty seconds to go time out for Varsity broke the scoring rally. The game ended with a final score of 75-19.

The lineups:
Grads—Fry c. (14), A. Stone l.g. (10), MacBurney r.f. (11), MacDonald r.g. (5), Neale l.f. (21); subs, Coulson (4), Munton, E. Stone (4), Innes (4), Bennie (2).
Varsity—Amy Cogswell r.f. (10), Howard l.f., I. Barnett c. (4), E. Barnett g. (2), Clayton g., Carlyle f., Black c., Nixon f. (2), Sutton f., Algeo, Helen Ford g.
Refere—Henderson.

picked up a rebound, passed to Sadie Gibson, who flipped the puck into the Monarch net, scoring the co-ed's first goal of the season.

During the third period a hard and fast pace was set, both teams playing for another goal. The overtown girls kept the play away from their net, and the co-eds were forced to play an entirely defensive game. The bell sounded time, and the third period ended with the 2-1 count for the Monarchs.

STELLAR GOALIE



RALPH MAYBANK

Who created a favorable impression in Saskatchewan. He will be seen to advantage tonight.

SCIENCE WIN OVER MED-DENTS BY 4-2

On Monday night, Jan. 22, the Science and Med-Dents clashed for the first time in the B Hockey Schedule. Science took the decision by a 4-2 score. The play, however, was evenly divided, and both teams can be regarded as strong contenders for B League supremacy.

The lineups:
Science—Patterson, Dworkin, McPherson, Garbut, Parsons, Young, Baker, Bowden.

Med-Dents—Badger, Bradley, Fortier, Tomashewsky, Lees, Youschim, Hemmings, Johns, Nannark, Young.

Saskatchewan Here For Two-Game Hockey Series

Remainder of Halpenny Cup Playoff Games Here Tonight and Saturday—Bears Favored to Win

Smarting from the defeat handed to them by the Golden Bears last Saturday at Saskatoon, the Saskatchewan Huskies are in town for games tonight and Saturday afternoon to decide on the fate of the Halpenny Cup, emblematic of Western Intercollegiate Hockey supremacy.

In the first two games played of the four-game series, Alberta won the first 3-1, and the second was a scoreless tie. Guy Kinnear, tricky centre ice man of the Golden Bears, scored two goals in the first game, and Bill Scott, relief centre, notched the other.

On the Huskie line-up will be Johnny Logan and Art Silver, both formerly of the Saskatoon Quakers, last year's Allan Cup finalists.

Following is a sketch of the two teams:

Huskies

Len Kusch—Goal, Argos 2nd year. Jumped from the interfaculty ranks to fill the role vacated by the great Injun Evans. Second year with the team.

Johnny Logan—Captain, defense, height six feet, weight 180, fourth year with Varsity. Graduate in Engineering. Gained his hockey experience with Yorkton Terriers, Queen's University and Saskatoon Quakers; also prominent in football, water polo and basketball.

Art Silver—Defense, height five feet eleven, weight 185. Another Engineering senior. Regular defense man with Quakers for two years and younger brother of Ron Silver. Rated as best defense man in North. Fourth year with the team, also a football player.

Clayton "Doc" Crosby—Left wing, five feet eight, 155. Senior Med. Fourth year with the team. Was on the first string with Clint Smith and Peggy O'Neil, 1931-32 Wesley Juniors.

Waddy Hall—Centre, height five feet seven, weight 165, Freshman Engineer. Played last year with Brandon Native Sons. Highly rated by Al Ritchie. A wonderful play maker.

Harry Dempster—Right wing, height five feet nine, weight 150. Mastering in Engineering. Veteran

HUSKIE SNIPER



LORNE GRAY

Centre ice performer, who will be seen in action this week-end.

FLASHY FORWARD



GUY KINNEAR

SPORTING SLANTS

By George Casper

Lady Luck seems to have turned her back on Art Wilson and his Ice Palace; it is very regrettable that it was too cold on Wednesday for the Carnival, but the rink manager assures us that the affair has not been called off for good.

And now, what have we?—weather really too warm to be conducive to good hockey tonight and tomorrow afternoon, when our Senior squad meets the Saskatchewan Huskies in the third and fourth games of the Intercollegiate Hockey series for the Halpenny Trophy.

Al Wilson's crew seems to be quite confident that they can take the visitors, despite the condition that the ice is bound to be in. Considering that the Alberta boys won the first game and tied the second game last week-end on strange ice, they certainly should be able to stack up a sufficient store of counters to bring the trophy to Alberta.

The sudden decision of Lethbridge to come here to play on next Monday and Tuesday has taken Arnold Henderson and his ball-tossers more or less by surprise, but the whole team assures us that they believe they will be able to hold the visitors to a fairly close score.

It is very regrettable that the Senior basketball squad could not have sent the Moose Domers home with at least one defeat in their bags, but nevertheless what team on earth can play their best when they can see by looking into the gallery the lack of support they are given by their fellow students. It is hoped, however, that the student body will show more enthusiasm at these coming games—the boys need support to win, so let's all turn out.

Meet Golden Bears in Two League Fixtures

Ad Donaldson and Mert Keel to be Here With Invading Team

Playing its second series of home games of the season next Monday and Tuesday, the men's basketball team meets Lethbridge Young Liberals. As yet the Varsity team has not been as successful as they would like to have been, and they are really going out to gain the decision in both games.

The Lethbridge team is composed of young, fast men, and they play a grand game of basketball. Two of the team played

of the team with six years' experience. Packs the wickedest shot on the team. Football star, rated as the outstanding kicking half in western Canada.

Lloyd Sharpe—Left wing, height five feet eleven, weight 170, third year in Engineering. Comes from Yorkton. One of the fastest men on the team. Deadly around the nets. Third year with the team. Can relieve on the defense.

Lorne Gray—Centre, height five feet eight, weight 155. Third year Engineer. Teammate of Crosby's with the 1931-32 Wesley Juniors. Great defense forward.

Gordon Wilkinson—Right wing, height five feet seven, weight 155. First year Accounting. Played with P.A. Mintos for the first part of last season. Very steady player.

Johnny Arthur—Left wing, height five feet ten inches, graduate in Arts. Comes from the interfaculty ranks.

Dick Cruickshanks—Right wing, five foot seven, weight 150. A fast skater and very aggressive.

Golden Bears

Ralph Maybank—Goal, weight 145, age 20, second year with squad. Taking B.Sc. in Pharmacy.

Jack Talbot—Defense, aged 21, weight 155, first year with team, last year with Edmonton Imperials in city senior league. First year Commerce man.

Don Gibson—Defense, aged 28, weight 160, second year with Varsity hockey team. Taking second year Medicine.

Alec Burgess—Defense, age 24, weight 175, second year with team. Graduates in Law this spring.

Guy Kinnear—Captain, centre forward, weight 145, age 23, has played with the team three years. Graduates in Engineering this year.

Jack McConnell—Left wing, weight 145, age 22. Another graduating Engineer who has been with the team the last three years.

Bob Cruickshanks—Right wing, age 22, weight 140. An Arts man. First year in senior company.

Bill Scott—Centre forward, weight 160, age 18, first year with team, last year with Calgary Shamrocks (junior). Registered in first year Law.

Pete Rule—Left wing, weight 170, age 20, first year with team, but former junior star. Takes architecture.

"Duke" Ferguson—Right wing, weight 130, first year with the team, last year with High River Flyers. Another Pharmacy student.

Al Wilson—Coach, formerly of Moose Jaw. Coached successfully the rugby team last fall and has got together a fast and smooth-working bunch of hockey players.

with our own Varsity team last year, namely, Mert Keel and Addie Donaldson. Mert is a sturdy lad, well over six feet in height, and he knows how to handle himself to the best advantage. He was one of the main reasons for Varsity defeating the Calgary Moose Domers last year.

Addie is the diminutive lad who can shoot and score from any point on the floor. Last year he and Arn Henderson did the most of the offensive work for the Varsity team. Both Mert and Addie are a real addition to the Lethbridge team, and we were very disappointed to lose them.

The Golden Bears played a two-game series in Lethbridge ten days ago, and although they were not successful in winning either of the games they made a very creditable showing against the strong aggregation from the south. They were defeated in the first game by 13 points and in the second game by 11 points.

Both of these games are to be held in the Upper Gym in Athabasca Hall, both games starting at 8:00 p.m. Also, as an added attraction, the Varsity intermediates will play a preliminary game on each night with one of the Y.M.C.A. teams. The boys need your support more than ever—get out and give them your whole-hearted support. They will appreciate it.

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